

# Southern Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE AGRICULTURAL, MANUFACTURING, AND EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF WARREN AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

By STANDARD PUBLISHING CO.

McMINNVILLE, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883.

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## General Directory.

### CHURCHES.

Southern Methodist—Rev. H. B. Reams, pastor; services every second and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and at night every Sunday. Prayer-meeting Wednesday night.  
Christian—Services every Sunday. Prayer-meeting Wednesday night.  
Methodist—Rev. F. W. Henck, pastor; services first and third Sundays; prayer-meeting every Thursday night.  
Presbyterian—Rev. A. E. Grover, pastor; services every Sunday and night; prayer-meeting every Wednesday night.  
Cumberland Presbyterian—Rev. pastor; services every Sunday and at night; prayer-meeting Wednesday night.

### MILLS.

Tullahoma to McMinnville arrives 2:50 p. m. Leaves 6:05 a. m., daily except Sunday.  
McMinnville to Sparta, arrives 6:00 a. m., leaves 3 p. m., daily.  
To Beersheba Springs, arrives 8 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leaves 6 a. m. same days.  
To Smithville, (route No. 19298) arrives 12 m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, departs 1 p. m. same days.  
To Rock Island, arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 5 p. m., leaves 8 a. m. same days.  
To Smithville (route No. 19298) arrives Monday and Friday at 8 p. m., departs 6 a. m. same days.  
To Woodbury, arrives Wednesday and Friday 6 p. m., leaves 8 a. m. same days.  
To Horseshoe Falls, arrives Monday and Thursday 12 m., departs 2 p. m. same days.

### COURTS.

CHANCERY—Sits 1st Monday in May and 1st November; John W. Burton, Judge; J. C. Biles, Clerk.  
CIRCUIT—Sits Tuesday after 4th Monday in January, May, and September; J. J. Williams, Judge; A. J. Curl, Clerk.  
COUNTY—Sits by quorum 1st Monday in every month; full court every quarter; John W. Towles, Esq., Chairman; A. H. Gross, Clerk.  
OTHER COUNTY OFFICIALS—H. P. Maxwell, Sheriff; Jno. L. Jacy, Register; H. A. Cunningham, Trustee and Tax Collector; Geo. T. Purvis, Ranger; R. M. Argo, Jailor; Sam O'Neal, County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

### LODGES.

F. & A. M.—Warren, No. 125—1st Monday night in every month, in their hall over the court room. JAS. W. HOWARD, W. M.  
ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER—3rd Thursday night in every month. R. KENNEDY, H. P.  
I. O. O. F.—McMinnville, No. 146; every Tuesday night, in their hall over H. H. Faulkner's. JAS. M. MOFFETT, N. G.  
KNIGHTS OF HONOR—Mountain City, No. 140; meets in Masonic hall 2d and 4th Monday nights in every month. R. KENNEDY, D.  
KNIGHTS AND LADY'S HONOR—2d and 4th Thursday nights in every month. R. KENNEDY, P.  
O. U. W. meets 1st and 3d Thursday nights in every month in Odd Fellows Hall. L. C. TURNER, M. W.

W. T. Murray. Frank Spurlock.  
MURRAY, MARCHEBANKS & SPURLOCK,  
Attorneys at Law  
Office corner North and Chancery streets  
McMINNVILLE, TENN.

LIVERY, SALE & FEED STABLE,  
John Ramsey & Son.

WANTED—To buy Horses and mules Also to sell. General livery and transfer business. Call and see us.  
Jan. 14, '82. JNO. RAMSEY & SON.

PRESERVE YOUR  
HAIR!

No Further Excuse for  
GRAY HAIR

F. W. Greenhalge's  
(Nashville, Tenn.)  
RESTORER  
Does not gum the hair; will not stain the skin; dispenses with the necessity for shampooing by keeping the hair and scalp nice and clean, which will save you money more than the restorative will cost you; speedily restores gray hair to its former color; cleans the head of all dandruff, itching, humors, etc.; promotes growth of the hair, prevents its falling out, and renders it soft, glossy and beautiful. Sold at the reasonable price of

50c A BOTTLE.

The bottles hold as much as the dollar bottles of other kinds, and the quality is guaranteed equal to any in use, as nothing but strictly first-class articles enter its composition. Give it a trial, and if it fails to satisfy you, be sure to return it and get your money.

NEW LAW FIRM.  
Smallman & Whitson,  
Attorneys and Solicitors  
Room No. 4 Legal Row,  
McMINNVILLE, TENN.  
Specialties—Prompt attention to Business  
Prompt remittance of collections.

Howard Female College,  
Gallatin, Tenn.

A. M. BURNETT, President; G. J. CLARK, Associate Principal; Miss. Pattie Malone, College Department; Miss. Mollie Heerman, Preparatory Department; Mrs. E. C. Cartwright, Music Department; Miss. Lola T. Moxon, Art Department.  
A non-sectarian school for Young Ladies, conducted upon its own merits, offering first-class accommodations and facilities for a thorough education.  
Board \$12.50 a month. Tuition and music and ornamental branches at usual rates.  
For further information or circulars, address the President at Gallatin, Tenn.

## A CHAPTER OF FANCIES.

[The following is the conclusion of a lecture delivered at Howard Female College, Gallatin, Tenn., by the President, before the students in the library room at one of their regular weekly meetings, on the subject of "Ancient History," which was divided and treated in seven distinct periods.]

Having presented the facts of Ancient History, we now propose a chapter of fancies in connection with the facts.

In the first period, fancy to yourself Adam and Eve dressed in the latest spring styles of the fig leaves, with no preening to attend on Sunday, nor "old folks at home" to visit on Saturday evening, nor yet any neighbors to make them the first call as the newly arrived strangers in the community. If Mrs. Eve Adam had been as formal and fastidious about who should make the first call as some of her daughters have proved to be, she would have been sitting under that fig tree yet grieving over woman's inhumanity to woman which makes countless thousands sold. But, may verily, Mrs. Adam, although she enjoyed a distinction never allotted to any of her generations after her, that of having captivated and won the affections of every man on earth, yet she was none of your stuck up aristocracy, but like all sensible people in a new country, she laid aside all her preconceived notions and prejudices of the customs and conventionalities of life when she came, and very wisely concluded as she was in Rome she would do as Rome did, and pitched out of the garden and made the acquaintance of her neighbors without the use of the visiting card, or the formal introduction of our day. And what devotee of etiquette will deny that Mrs. Eve was the model of her race and the paragon of her sex?

Again, fancy to yourself Noah, the first preacher of righteousness, a Methodist circuit rider perhaps, riding the circuit of the Euphrates for 120 years because there was no Bishop elected to change his appointment to a fresh pastorage of spring chickens and autumnal camp meetings.

Then in your fancy step over the diluvian into the Patriarchal period, and there behold a man of unflinching faith and venturesome pluck, leave his own native country, Ur of the Chaldees, and go out to camp awhile in the wilderness of Canaan. If Abram and Sarah had possessed that peculiar modern fascination for stone fronts, corner lots and brown houses which has seized upon so many of their faithless descendants they would yet have been lingering around the brazen gates and hanging gardens of Babylon—but they took that wholesome advice so gratuitously given by Horace Greeley, when he said: "Go west, young man, go west!" Whether Abraham ever read the book "What I Know About Farming," by Horace Greeley, or not we are not informed, but it is said of him that he went out "west" not knowing whither he went, looking for a city whose foundations were already laid and whose future was not at all problematical. Thus showing that he had imbibed the spirit of Mr. Greeley's advice, as well as the poetical sentiment so prophetically expressed by Bishop Berkeley when he said:

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way  
The four great arms already past  
The fifth will close the drama of the day.  
Time's greatest empire is her last."

Now on fancy's wings let us take a flight across four hundred and thirty years and imagine yourself standing in the presence of Moses the Hebrew, a man about six feet high, and of majestic corpulence and magnitude with an avoirdupois specific gravity of 250 pounds, neatly attired in dark trousers, white vest and cravat, standing collar and blue cloth pigeon-tail coat with brass eagle buttons, and a white fur hat that would hold a peck of shelled corn. This is the man that had graduated at the University of Egypt ("in all the wisdom of the Egyptians") and had taken the degree of D. D. at the Theological Seminary on Mount Sinai, and in our day would be styled the Right Rev. Hebrew Exodius Moses, Ph. D., D. D., J. L. D., and when called on to lead the expedition from Egypt to Canaan, a distance of about one hundred miles, said, after the style of Gen. Grant, that he was no speaker, but if his eloquent brother, Aaron, would go along with him, he would take a hickory stick, or rod, and go down into Egypt and wear Pharaoh's

out with plagues if he didn't dismiss that school of Hebrew apprentices whom he was trying to teach to make

bricks without straw.

Now let us move up a little, just 487 years this way on the graduated scale of chronology, and imagine ourselves standing on the plains of the Jordan amid all the splendor and magnificence of Solomon's illustrious reign. Here we see in our fancy a man clad in royal purple and wearing kingly garments, covered with just such a quaker hat as that which Wm. Penn wore when treating with the Indians under that huge elm tree near Philadelphia (which measured 21 feet in circumference). We fancy that Solomon was quite a lady's man from his dress and drift among the fair sex of his day. So popular was he among the ladies that not only was he called upon to decide whose babe the disputed child was, but even the queen of Sheba left her throne and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to see this gallant and polished beau of the age, and reported on her return that the half of his magnificence had not been told her, which was a report exactly the reverse of all those made in our day, in that not the half is true that is told of our courtier gentry. Dressed in bon ton style, and polished in his manners, with all the three W's at his command, "Wisdom, Wit and Women," we are not at all surprised that his career was brilliant, brief and broken-hearted, and that he should exclaim at its close: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Passing on the wings of our imagination over the 466 years of this period, we are brought before a man whom the world justly calls great, Cyrus the Great. Fancy a man of the Robert E. Lee style, good, grand and magnanimous, seated upon a finely caparisoned Persian gray horse, with the Washingtonian bearing and dignity of one of the F. F. V's and you have our idea of King Cyrus the Great. All that goes to make up the great is here combined, the good, the true, the humane, the generous and the magnanimous are blended into one grand compound called greatness. Cyrus was true to himself, just to his fellow man, humane to prisoners, and above all, temperate in his habits. He drank no wine, although it was at the cost of the displeasure of King Astyages, his natural grandfather.

Pardon our fancy for the notice of the second great character of this period, of whom although the world was not worthy, yet whom the world could not avoid noticing and even calling great. Fancy that you see a low, ungainly figure, rough and coarse, very corpulent and unwieldy frame, a man of sarcastic appearance, walking the streets of Athens on a Saturday evening in November, 400 B. C., barefooted and a slouched hat on, hastening to an exciting crowd of babbling Greeks who are contending about some point in philosophy, to-wit: the origin of all things, and thus maintaining their disputatious character, and then see him silence them by first proclaiming that he knows nothing himself, and then showing that they know less—that man is Socrates, the philosopher.

Pass now to the seventh period and see an ambitious young man emerge from the classic walls of a log school house—the groves near Athens—known as the Academy of Aristotle. This young man has just finished reading Homer's Iliad under Aristotle, and with gun and dog (the dog mostly in and of himself) mounts his horse Bucephalus, crosses the Hellespont, conquers Persia and the world and weeps for more to conquer, and dies a wreck and a drunkard—this man was Alexander, whom the world falsely calls Great. Here the seven periods end and our fancy subsides.

## Bound to Squawl.

While a colored man and his family were engaged in prayer a kettle of water fell over and scalded the old man's wife. The woman rose with "scuffling" alacrity and howled. The old man rose slowly, and casting on his wife a contemptuous glance said: "Ain't yer got no moah humiliation danter holler when Ise handin' up petitions?" I doan mean ter insult de Lawd," yelled the woman, "but when a pot ob bilin' water falls on me, it doan make no difference if Ise through de gate ob de New Druselem, Ise gwine ter squawl, does yer hea me?"

Arkansas Traveler.

## CARVING.

### An Accomplishment which Every Young Man Should Acquire.

This is an accomplishment which every young man should strive to acquire. Its usefulness, when called upon to perform the duties of host or accidentally to assist a lady friend in serving her guests, can only be appreciated by utter absence of it. Like swimming, once acquired, it is never forgotten. Hence, even the most impecunious among the sex may learn it, with fair reason to expect to use it, even in the course of a most precarious life.

Fowls are perhaps the most readily carved, because their anatomy is simple, and with a sharp pointed, keen-edge knife, first the wing, then the leg and then the delicate breast, can be separated without an exertion or moving from the chair. It is essential to know this simple task however, otherwise no task appears more Herculean, to say nothing of the imminent danger the guests are in of having their wearing apparel bespattered and greased by the promiscuous particles of gravy, dressing and odd bits of the bird that may have been loosened during the belaboring of it by the unbeloved dissector.

Next in line of difficult joints to carve is the sirloin roast of beef, especially where the carver desires to serve the guests with an equal division of tenderloin and loin cuts. The rib in between becomes the actual bone of contention, and unless removed by the butcher, can only be avoided by the most adroit manipulator of the cutlery. The tenderloin in this case can be run around with the long, keen knife, and thus removed entirely from the bone, and afterwards cut into slices as desired; the same process can be applied to the loin part, and if done quickly, the meat will not become cold.

A saddle of mutton or venison is more difficult to carve even than the sirloin; though to an experienced carver neither is troublesome. Long cuts down the backbone, from one end of the saddle to the other, are the first moves, and these give the sirloin; and then from the rump side these slices of fat should be cut, to about equal proportions of quantity to the first. Turning the saddle upon its back, the tenderloin will be found adhering to the inside, to cut out which the knife should be inserted at the upper end of the choice bit, and drawn back to the other end, after which pass the blade under the meat and near to the backbone and ribs, and the entire piece will come out. This cut is rarely done except when the saddle is served a second time, and the top cuts have been consumed.

The forequarter of lamb or mutton is rather troublesome to carve, yet by passing the knife under the leg, and disjoining it the ribs are exposed and both bone and meat being tender they are easily separated. The above suggestions, if followed carefully, will make a fair carver of any one, and prevent their doing what an awkward gawky person invariably does when called on to do the carving of a family

Such persons make an onslaught upon the joint as though angry at it, and consequently gouge out great hunks, and not unfrequently serving such quantities to a portion of the guests as to leave others with nothing. This once actually happened with a family at Xmas times. A ten-pound turkey was set upon the table; the unskilled carver attacked it; one lady got the wing and breast from one side, another fared similarly, while the legs went to two others, and the carcass to the fifth, leaving three children, the lady of the house and himself with out any. "Bring in another bird," cried the blowing, puffing, pater familias; but alas! the only one in the house was gone.

Carving at the table is an open question, so far as its propriety. Many argue that it is more sociable when the host carves and helps his guests; others think to the contrary. Certainly if the host is an expert, to look at the operation is agreeable, and the meal not unduly retarded, nor does it prevent him from conversing with his guests.

Though these really excellent carvers being rare, it would probably be better to leave the carving to a butler, or some servant skilled in the art. In all cases, however, it would be well for the butcher to take out every surplus bone from the pieces of meat, and the poultryer to loosen the joints of birds prior to sending them home, and by this means much of the inconvenience could be avoided.

## The Home of our Childhood.

Does any one know what has become of the jolly old times that used to be long to our lives. They are missing and we cannot find them. The days when the mention of Thanksgiving meant joy and gladness and reunion and merry feasting, when all the members of the family assembled around the board and the great fire burned cheerfully in the great fireplace. How the polished brass and iron caught the ruddy reflections of the blaze and danced around like gold fairies. Does anybody remember such a fire-place? The hearth freshly painted with red brick and the mantle was high beyond the reach of the children. The brass candle-sticks were turned up in a row and the almanac hung at one end. The shovel and tongs had their separate corner and there was a crane in the back of the fire-place, where the tea-kettle used sometimes to sing like a nightingale. Where are they?

There was a pantry, too, (have you seen it?) with a smell of cheese, mince pie, doughnuts, and a tempting display of jars tied up with white cloths. There was one not so tightly tied up as the rest, and naughty hands would reach after the peach preserves sometimes. Does anybody know where those pantries are gone? There were two old rocking chairs with cushions peiced up from old scraps of dresses. The paint was worn from the arms and they tipped over if you rocked too far back, but we wish they could be found.

There was a kitchen, too. It went away with all the rest. A sweet kitchen where there was always a smell of good dinners, a spicy and aromatic odor of garden herbs. No tea or coffee has ever been found since with such a delicious aroma. There are thousands of great residences, with very modern appliances for comfort where they have state dinners with no end of pomp and show and style, and where the china is costly and the epergnes are of cut glass, silver, and the wines are costly.

They are splendid, but somehow, to-day, we want the old lost home. There are echoes which come down from its smoky rafters, and they fall upon the heart with a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain. There are voices and footsteps and laughter and songs, and the patter of baby feet all mingled in the echo. Sounds that we shall never hear again in the mystic hall of memory. Reader, you know of such a house, and you can tell why the mention of holidays brings a nameless longing to look once more into the empty rooms once so thronging with life.

Many children die from worms whose death is attributed to spasms or congestion. Dr. Moffett's Teethingina would have saved their lives.

## Faith in God.

Faith in God justifies self respect and defense of ones individual rights. In the Godless theory of the universe men are momentary products of nature, loom, woven and unraveled as they make up the progressive woof of human history after the pattern of a slowly perfected humanity. The individual is nothing; humanity is everything. One soul comes and another goes, each made by its place and for its place; and both endure for a moment and are gone. Before the relentless march of this advancing horde the single soul is trampled into annihilation and forgetfulness. From the crest of this foaming sea, myriads of drops are for an instant whirled into life, wrought into forms of beauty, and then whelmed into the cruel waves. Human rights and joys, human affections and hopes, human responsibilities and fears, are but the flying foam on their restless waves that with accelerated speed hurry them toward the ocean.—President Porter.

Obstinate and vicious horses, by having their attention removed from the object on which their mind is bent, can be made much more tractable than they otherwise would be. Some are very difficult to shoe, showing a disposition to bite and kick whenever the shoe touches them. A few grains of the etherial oil of parsley dropped on a handkerchief and placed before the nose of the horse, it is said, never fails to quiet his irritable disposition, and makes him for the time being perfectly manageable.

## Bachupaiba.

Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney, bladder, and urinary diseases. \$1. Druggists.

## The Old and The New Year.

The Old Year has fled—fled forever—like some strange wild dream that haunts the brain of a sleeper. So fades the last blush of day, the tint on the rose, the leaf in the forest. Only a while ago it was called the New Year, and around the festive board many a glass was drained to its honor. Bright anticipations arose in every beating heart for a happy future just beyond, while Hope whispered her golden promises and bade each restless soul to "wait!" Ah! it is the hardest thing in life—this "waiting." Even should a wish be realized (which seldom is to our satisfaction) another takes its place quite as ardent. That which is just before is always beautiful; so is the mirage in the desert—so the apples on the Dead Sea shore. But, the Old Year has gone! Dear was some departed friend. Some glorious time in that garden of memory, some sorrowful event has forever hallowed it there.

Of what was that Old Year made? Shadow and sunshine, flowers and leaves, hopes, fears, pleasure and pain. Brides going forth in their beauty, newly made graves in the old burying ground. Feasts, funerals, merry welcomes and weary farewells.

But it has gone now, that old time, into the dark oblivion that rolls 'round all the world, and the Recording Angel has said, "is done!"

"The Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
"Vex not his ghost!"

Yes, the roaring winds have chanted his death-song in the forest, and he has wrapped himself in a wind-sheet to slumber with the things that were.

1883 has dawned upon us, and thousands of hearts have welcomed his coming with joy and gladness. Many a bosom thrills with pleasure as the rosy visions of a coming time draw near—brilliant hopes all woven in gorgeous tissues flaunting daily in the golden light!

Another page, pure and spotless is opened before us, and when another twelve months shall have been garnered in, let no evil action mar its beauty. Of the coming events that are veiled in mystery we know nothing. We can only look to a higher power for guidance and fervently utter the petition, Kyrie elyron! Christe elyron!

## The Oldest Oak in America.

The town of Woodbridge, near New Haven, is said to possess the oldest oak in America, and a celebration was recently held in honor of the venerable tree.

It is said to be from 1,000 to 1,800 years old, its circumference at the base being thirty feet, and some of its branches extending sixty feet from the trunk. Despite its age it is full of vigor, and those who gathered to honor it, decked it with flags and flowers. The company also formed themselves into an association which has for its object the protection of the patriarch and the building of a railing around it.

Nearly all of the grand old oaks of England have been protected by like associations. The protection of historic trees seems almost a sacred duty.—Exchange.

Deserve friends and you will have them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people, and you have only to carry a kind, sympathetic heart in your own bosom to call out goodness and friendliness from others.

## "Rough on Rats."

Cleats out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Long letters on matters of business are generally exceedingly tiresome, and not unfrequently find their way to the waste basket before being read. Let all your letters be as short as the subject will permit; come at once to the point, express your meaning in a few plain words, and then close. Be careful to write a plain hand, and remember that flourishes will give your correspondents no very high opinion of you.

## Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. \$1.

## SPECIAL FEATURES.

Forty years' trial has proved "BLACK-DRAUGHT" the best liver medicine in the world.  
For sale by J. B. Ritchey, druggist.

**Cure for Croup.**  
Dr. Duncan's Cough Balsam is a sure cure for croup in children. It will never fail, is safe and pleasant. For sale by J. B. Ritchey.

**Billious fever, Remittent and Intermittent fever, malarial fever, Jaundice and many more of the most deadly diseases of America have their starting point in a torpid inactive liver. Any or all of these diseases may be avoided by the timely use of Portoline, the best and most perfect Vegetable Liver medicine in the world. Price 50 cents. For sale by J. B. Ritchey.**  
White's Cream White Vermifuge is the best worm-killer.

Sore eyes cured promptly with Duncan's Carbolic Ointment. It is mild and harmless. Sold by all druggists.

Cousen's Honey of Tar cures coughs colds and all diseases of the throat and lungs. One trial of it will disarm prejudice, and convince the sufferer that it is all that it claims to be, viz: A safe and pleasant antidote for diseases of the throat and lungs, and never-failing remedy for coughs and colds. Price 50 cents. For sale by J. B. Ritchey.

White's Cream White Vermifuge is the best worm-killer.

**Children Cry.**  
For Duncan's Worm Syrup. It is pleasant to take and sure to have the desired effect. It is fast taking the place of all other preparations. Sold by J. B. Ritchey.

**Why Welcome.**  
What makes Floreston Cologne welcome on every lady's toilet table is its lasting fragrance and rich, flowery odor.

"BLACK-DRAUGHT" cures dyspepsia, indigestion and heartburn.  
For sale by J. B. Ritchey, druggist.

Dyspepsia and all species of indigestion, such as Sour Stomach, Vertigo, Bad Taste in the mouth and Constipated Bowels, cured with DR. DUNCAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY MEDICINE. Sold by all druggists.

Lo! the poor Indian has his type in the many Pile Ointments and salves, which have from time to time been forced upon the market, and forced back out of the market, and out of memory by Tablers Bockeye Pile Ointment, the never-failing and only sure remedy for Piles. Price 50 cts. a bottle. White's Cream White Vermifuge is the best worm-killer.  
For sale by J. B. Ritchey.

**Good Advice.**  
You will prevent and cure the greater part of the ills that afflict mankind in this or any section, if you keep your stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect working order. There is no medicine known that does this as surely as Parker's Ginger Tonic. It will keep your blood rich and pure, and give you good health at little cost. See advertisement.

**Notice to Mothers.**  
DR. DUNCAN'S BLACKBERRY ELIXIR is a sure remedy for teething children and all bowel affections, such as Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint, Bloody Flux and Gripping Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, in both young and old. It is an Elixir made from the berry and root of the plant, and therefore contains all the medicinal virtues of the plant of which everyone is acquainted. Sold by all druggists.

Itching Piles cured with Duncan's Carbolic Ointment. It is unsurpassed. Sold by all druggists.

**The Safest Way.**  
The safest and surest way to restore the youthful color of the hair is furnished by Parker's Hair Balsam, which is deservedly popular from its superior cleanliness.

**Use Black Draught for Liver Complaint.**  
There is perhaps no better liver medicine offered to the public than "Black Draught." It is very salable, and country merchants will find ready sale for it when once introduced. A fresh supply of it just received and for sale by J. B. Ritchey.

**"WINE OF CARDUI"** cures irregular, painful, or difficult menstruation.  
For sale by J. B. Ritchey, druggist.

Try Vegetable Worm Syrup. It expels all worms from the system without the least possible injury even to the most delicate child. Try it. For sale by J. B. Ritchey.

**School Books.**

J. B. Ritchey has received a good stock of school books, and can supply country merchants at satisfactory prices.

**How She Saved Her Darling.**  
"I call not feel so nervous again about baby's teething," writes a grateful mother. "We almost lost our darling from cholera infantum, but happily heard of Parker's Ginger Tonic in time. A few spoonfuls soon cured baby, and an occasional dose keeps us good health."—Brooklyn Mother.